



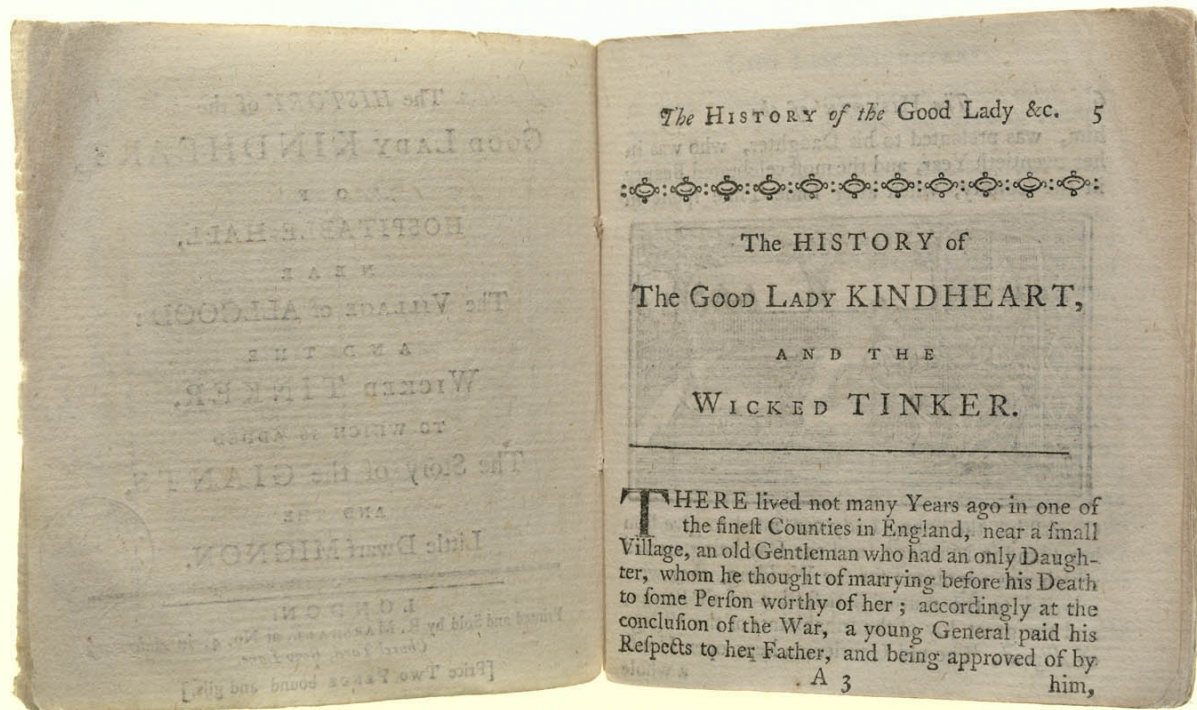
Donce Add. 306

THE Virtuous Lady Kindheart see,
 Good, Amiable, Sincere, and Free;
 She who her Riches does bestow
 On, Rich, on Poor, on Friend and Foe;
 But if you'd farther understand,
 Turn over Leaf, 'tis near at Hand.

Lydia The HISTORY of the *Heaton*
 GOOD LADY KINDHEART,
Decr 29 1790 F
 HOSPITABLE-HALL,
 NEAR
 The VILLAGE of ALLGOOD:
 AND THE *Donce*
 WICKED TINKER. *Adds*
 TO WHICH IS ADDED *306*
 The Story of the GIANTS,
 AND THE
 Little Dwarf MIGNON.

LONDON:
 Printed and Sold by R. MARSHALL, at No. 4. in Aldermary
 Church Yard, Bow Lane.
 [Price Two PENCE bound and gilt.]





The HISTORY of the Good Lady &c. 5



The HISTORY of
The GOOD LADY KINDHEART,
AND THE
WICKED TINKER.

THERE lived not many Years ago in one of the finest Counties in England, near a small Village, an old Gentleman who had an only Daughter, whom he thought of marrying before his Death to some Person worthy of her; accordingly at the conclusion of the War, a young General paid his Respects to her Father, and being approved of by him,

A 3

him, was presented to his Daughter, who was in her twentieth Year, and the most celebrated Beauty in the County, when after some Time spent in



Courtship, the young Lady consented to give him her Hand in Marriage, and the Day being arrived which was appointed for the Wedding, they were married to the mutual Satisfaction of all Parties, and the great Joy of the Inhabitants of the Village of *Allgood*; The old Gentleman kept open House a whole

a whole Week; during which Time there was nothing but ringing of Bells and drinking Healths to the Bride and Bridegroom.

But as human Joys seldom last long, so our young Lovers were soon deprived of their Felicity, for in a Month after the Celebration of their Nuptials, the General received an Order from Court to attend his Regiment, which was ordered to go Abroad to keep a Garrison, that was taken in the late War, by an Army of which this General had the Command, and his Prince thinking none could defend it better, conferred that Honour on him: Ordering him to make the greatest Expedition in executing his Commands: At this he was struck motionless; to hazard his Life in the Service of his Country was his greatest Ambition, but the Thoughts of leaving his Lady seemed to him more terrible than Death; in this Dilemma he knew not what to do to extricate himself out of this Trouble, a thousand Expedients offer, yet none seem practicable; but his Prince commands, and he must obey.

A 4

He

He therefore got ready to take his Farewell, which he did in the most affectionate Manner, shak-



ing Hands with his aged Father-in-Law, bidding his Lady a thousand Times adieu; and mounting his Horse rode away.

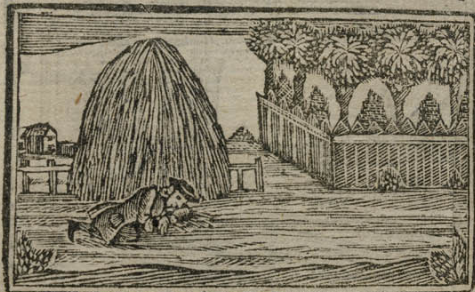
He joined the Army in about three Days, and having put his Forces on board some Transports which had been prepared by Government for that Purpose,

Purpose, he arrived at his Garrison in a Month, where we will leave him, to return to his Lady, who spent her Time in relieving the Poor, and promoting the Benefit of all about her; nay so far did her Charity extend, that when she rode out she sent her Servants to enquire if there were any who stood in need of Assistance: One Day an old Man



who heard of her Benevolence knocked at the Door, and

and enquired if the Lady of the House was within, the Lady hearing him went to the Door and invited him in, as soon as he was sat down, and had taken some Refreshment, she asked him in what Manner he supported himself, to which he replied, He had for some Time lived on the Benefaction of some well disposed Persons, but having spent the last of his Money the Day before, he was obliged



to sleep at Night on the Ground under a Hay-sick.
The

The Lady then desired to know the Particulars of his Life, which he complied with.

The History of Camillus, related by Himself.

IN that Year which will ever stain the *English* Annals, I was, with many others, reduced to the most pressing Circumstances; which I bore with the greatest Patience and Resignation: It was not long, however, before a Lady who took a liking to me, gave me an Opportunity, by marrying her, to live in a more gay and affluent Manner than ever. If I was chagrin'd before at my reduced Circumstances, my Gratitude on being delivered from them heightened my Passion for my Wife; in short I regarded her as the dear Friend that had snatched me from Distress and Want, and accordingly not only paid her the Affection of the Husband, but the Compliances of the most obliged Friend.

I was no sooner in these agreeable Circumstances again, but my Friends also revived, for they only

died in my Adversity; and they only revived to reduce me once more. How shall I tell you the designing Villain *Maskwell* imposed so much on me, that I became his Surety in a Bond for a much larger Sum than I was worth; the Villain having raised a large Sum, immediately made off; the confused Report of his being gone Abroad was too soon confirmed to me, for I was informed by a letter, That as *Maskwell* was gone Abroad, and the Security of the Bond revolved entirely on me, they must be excused if they very shortly called it in.

What a Blow was this to me! how unplesing my Prospect! how severe my Reflection! What could I say to my Wife! or how could I comfort her! how could I tell her I had reduced her to as low Circumstances as she had relieved me from how could I reconcile her to the Change! how attempt it! with these Thoughts I immediately quitted my House in Disguise, only taking a sufficient Sum to defray the Expences of my Journey to my Father-in-Laws, but more Misfortunes attended me, ^{on my}

my first Night's Departure, I was attacked and robbed by three Ruffians, who took what little I had, and I have reached this Place through the Charity of Persons in my Journey, of which I have but twenty Miles more to go: indeed said Lady *Kindheart*, your Case is truly deplorable, if you will accept of my Assistance it shall be at your service; for which he thanked her, and she having prepared a Horse for him, he gratefully took his leave and departed for his Father-in Law's, at whose House he arrived about Dinner-time; the old Gentleman surpris'd at the Appearance of one whom he little thought of seeing in those Parts, was struck with Amazement, but what surpris'd him still more was his Dress, so that fearing the worst he immediately asked after his Daughter, *Camillus* replied, she was in very good Health when he left her, at which he seemed more satisfied, and *Camillus* went on with a Recital of his Misfortunes, and the Condition to which he and his Family were likely to be reduced; his Father-in-Law promised to assist him as much as
he

he possibly could, persuading him to return Home immediately, lest the Report of his having left his Family might cause the Person whose Hands the Bond was in, to call on him sooner than he expected. It is sufficient to add, that he resolved to return, and by Industry and Application, as a Merchant, to discharge his Bond, and maintain his Family.

Accordingly, he returned, was received by his



Wife with great Tendernefs. The Event answered his

his most sanguine Expectations; his Father-in-Law supported him with all his Credit and Fortune; and having no Fortune of his own, to indulge the Gaities of Life with, he bent his Life entirely to Trade; and in a few Years, with unexampled Industry, and untainted Honor, he found himself in a Capacity of discharging his Obligation to his Father-in-Law, and of giving a handiome Fortune to his Children; for he used often to say, His Misfortunes had taught him to be contented with that which would place his Children above the Temptation of doing wrong from Want, and prevent their being ruined by too much Wealth. I need only add, that he often used latterly to say, He had felt so much true Pleasure since his Misfortunes, that he should certainly have been ruined, if he had not been betrayed. His Life, indeed, ever afterwards, was the Life of the Righteous, and his latter End was like theirs. When he died he left this laconic Advice to all his Children;—HOPE.

We

We may see by this History, that Adversities rise not out of the Dust, but are ordained by the same Goodness that communicated and supports our Being. On the other Hand the calm Sun-shine of Prosperity would be apt to lull us asleep; we should grow supine and careless, satisfied with present, and unconcerned for future Good.—I will not detain you any longer on this Subject, but return to Lady



Kindheart: One Day as she was reading in an Arbour
in

in her Garden, she was suddenly surpris'd by the Appearance of a young Gentleman; this Person came to acquaint her with the Death of the General her Husband; she was so inconsolable for the Loss of him, that she could not speak to any One for some Time, which made the General's Mother



take a Journey from *London*, on purpose to comfort her, and see here they are together.

The

The young Lady though in extreme Sorrow, yet received her Mother-in Law very kindly.

She would frequently walk out in the Fields, and taking some poor Child with her, sit down on a Green Bank, and hear if it could say its Catechise,



if they said it, she would give them one of those little Books which are Sold by Mr. Marshall. No 4. in Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

She

She likewise desired Mr. Mearwell her Chaplain, and the Parson of the Parish, to hear them their



Catechise every Sunday Morning, and I have known her when a Child said it all throughout without missing a word, give it a whole Library of Mr. Marshall's gilt Books, among which were the following, *Timothy Ticklepitcher's FABLES*. *The FRIENDS*; or, the History of *Billy Freeman* and *Tommy Truelove*; *The Universal PRIMER*, where you have the History of

of

of Miss *Nancy Truelove*; for the rest I refer you to the Catalogue at the End of this Book.

She was in short so Good, every body loved her, for she was not only well disposed, but very Rich; indeed, she was never so well pleased, as when she was employed in some Act for the Good of Mankind.

As a Proof of her humane and charitable Disposition, the following Lines were written by her on

The VANITY of RICHES.

MISERS! say, can Gold prolong
Life, or Health, or keep me Young?
Say, can Gold such Wonders do?
Then I'll board as fast as you:
If by Gold I could remain
Free from Death, and free from Pain;
But since Death and Pain arrive,
Scorn the Treasures we can give;
Since no Bribes can make 'em stay,
When they once are on their Way:
Why should we so idly save
Gold and Riches for the Grave?

But

But though she was so humane and charitable, a wicked *Tinker* happening to come to the Town, and hearing of her great Riches, resolved to rob her House while the Family was asleep; accordingly, one Morning before any of the Village was stirring, he took his Stick in his Hand, and his Budget on



his Shoulders, and set off from the Cottage where he had lain the preceeding Night, towards Lady *Kindheart's* House.

When

When he came to my Lady's House, he broke it open, and stole Money and Jewels to a great Value, and was making off, when the Steward, who was walking in a Close adjoining to the House, being a very early riser, and seeing somebody come out, ran to know who it was; the wicked *Tinker* as soon as he came up, barbarously run him through



the Body: But he was baulked in his Intent of Murder, for though the Wound was very bad, yet my

my Lady by her great Care and Skill, made a perfect Cure of him: However this Villain thinking he was dead, ran back to the Cot, and told the Women the whole Affair, and shewing them what he had stole, promised they should be equal sharers, if they could contrive a Way to get him out of the Village secretly; but instead of hiding they seized



him, for the Lady was so well beloved for her Charity, that not a Person in the Village would wrong her

her, or suffer any one else so to do; therefore as I observed before, the two Women who were Sisters, and kept the House where the *Tinker* lodged, seized him, and sent for proper Officers, who took him



before a Justice, by whom he, and the two Women were examined; and finding sufficient Cause to suspect the *Tinker* guilty, he committed him to Prison, and when the Assizes came on, he was tried, and cast to be hanged; but the good Lady *Kindheart*, who

who pitied even this wicked *Tinker's* Case, petitioned the Judge to reprieve him, on condition he was Transported for Life, which he gladly accepted of; and there being a Ship ready to take such Criminals Abroad, he was sent on Board one bound for



Virginia, to spend the Remainder of his unhappy Life in Slavery, a Sentence too good for such an abandoned Villain.

Before he departed from the *English* Shore,
B. he

he left this Advice for his Countrymen to observe
in all their Actions, that

"HONESTY is the best POLICY."

On this Occasion the following Lines were written,

VIRTUE sincere needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
An honest Mind safely alone,
May travel thro' the burning Zone.

Among other Villanies which he confessed whilst
in Confinement, was the following. One Day he
and two more of his Companions met a reverend
Divine, and thinking he had more Money about
him than he gave them at their first Demand, they
searched him all over, and not finding any, they
took him into a lonesome Field, about a Mile from
any House, and after threatening to take his Life,
and bestowing some Blows on him, they not being
content with robbing and beating him, consulted
among themselves how they might carry their Bar-
barity farther, and at last they agreed to bind him

to

to a Tree, as you may see, where as he was far



from Home, he must certainly have perished, had not
a Farmer who was walking through the Field, and
to whom it belonged, released him.

The *Tinker* owned the justness of his Sentence,
but was very thankful for the Reprieve, and now
hopes to spend the Remainder of his Life more a-
greeable to the Laws both of God and Man.

B 2

Thus

Thus, have you seen the different Effects of Virtue and Vice in the Characters of Lady *Kindheart* and the wicked *Tinker*; the former is beloved and respected by all who know her, the latter is despised and detested; imitate then, the Virtues of this excellent Woman, let your Ears be always open, and your hands always ready to hear and relieve the Distresses of your Fellow Creatures, for, *No Life is pleasing to GOD, that is not useful to Man.*

The Story of the cruel Giant BARBARICO, the good Giant BENEFICO, and the little pretty Dwarf MIGNON.

BEFORE I proceed with my Story I must beg leave to make some Observations on these kind of Stories, and which I would have you communicate to all your little Friends. Giants, Magic, Fairies, and all Sorts of supernatural Assurances in a Story, are introduced only to amuse and divert: Therefore by no means let the Notion of Giants or Magic,

Magic dwell upon your Minds. I do not therefore, so thoroughly approve, as to recommend them much to your Reading; except, as I said before, great Care is taken to prevent your being carried away by them.

Many hundred Years ago, when the Mountains of *Wales* were inhabited by Giants; there was one



who used to ride on a great Griffin, thus.

This Giant was a Terror to all his Neighbours,

the Name of this enormous Wretch was *Barbarico*: A Name which filled all who heard it, with Fear and Astonishment. The whole delight of his Life was in Acts of Mischief. He had no sooner committed one Outrage, but he was in Agonies till he could commit another; never satisfied, unless he could find an Opportunity either of torturing or devouring some innocent Creature.

There was also another Giant whose Name was *Benefico*: His Delight was no less in Acts of Goodness and Benevolence, than the others was in Cruelty and Mischief. His constant Care was to endeavour if possible to repair the Injuries committed by *Barbarico*: which he sometimes had an Opportunity of doing; for though *Barbarico* was much larger and stronger than *Benefico*, yet he was afraid to engage with him, and always shunned a Meeting, leaving the Pursuit of any Prey, if he himself was pursued by *Benefico*: Nor could the good *Benefico* trust farther to this coward Spirit of his Adversary than to make him fly; as he well knew that a close Engage-

Engagement might make him desperate; and fatal to him might be the Consequence of such a Desperation. Though nothing near so tall as *Barbarico*, he was very strong; for standing once to see the Villagers play at Foot-ball, and the Ball happening to come where he stood, he gave it a Kick that sent it into the Sea. But he prudently declined any



Attempt to destroy *Barbarico*, till he should gain some sure Advantage over him.

It happened on a certain Day, that as the inhuman *Barbarico* was prowling along the side of a craggy Mountain, overgrown with Brambles and briery Thickets, taking frightful Strides, rolling his ghastly Eyes around in quest of human Blood, and having his Breast tortured with inward Rage and Grief, that he had been so unhappy as to live one whole Day without some Act of Violence; he beheld in a pleasant Valley at a little Distance, a River winding its gentle Course through Rows of Trees mixed with flowery Shrubs. Hither the Giant hasted and being arrived he gazed about, to see if in this sweet Retirement any were so unhappy as to fall within his Power: But finding none, the Disappointment set him in a Flame of Rage, which, burning like an inward Furnace, parched his Throat. And now he laid him down upon the Bank, to try if in the cool Stream he could slake his Thirst, that burnt within him.

He bent him down to drink: And at the same Time casting his baleful Eyes towards the opposite Side

Side, he soon discovered within a little Arbour, in the Meadow, the Shepherd *Fidus* and his lovely *Amata*.

The gloomy Tyrant no sooner saw this happy Pair, than his Heart leapt for Joy; He stood for a short Space to view them in their sweet Retirement; and was soon convinced that in the innocent Enjoyment of reciprocal Affection their Happiness was complete. His Eye inflamed with Envy to behold such Bliss, darted a fearful Glare; and his Breast swelling with Malice, he with gigantic Pace approached their peaceful Seat.

The happy *Fidus* was at that Time busy in entertaining his *Amata* with a Song, and the Giant was now within one Stride of them, when *Amata* perceiving him, cried out in a trembling Voice, "Fly! *Fidus*, fly! or we are lost for ever!" She had scarce uttered these Words, when the Giant seized them by the Waist in either Hand, *Amata* not being able to bear this sudden Fright, fainted away, and remained in his Hands but as a lifeless Corpse. When

lifting

lifting up his ghastly eyes, he beheld the good *Benefico* coming hastily towards him.

Barbarico at seeing him started with Fear: and flinging *Fidus* over his Shoulder, he threw *Amata* whom he took to be quite expired, into a stream



that ran hard by, and fled to his Cave, not daring once to cast his eyes behind him.

The good *Benefico* seeing the Monster's Flight, and not doubting but he had done some Mischief, he imme-

immediately halted to the Brook; where he found the half expiring *Amata* floating down the Stream;

The gentle *Amata* was now just enough recovered to open her Eyes, the kind *Benefico* halted with her to his hospitable Castle, where all imaginable Assistance was administered to her Relief.

The cruel *Barbarico* as soon as he arrived at his gloomy Cave, called to him his little Page, saying, "Here, Catiff, take in Charge this smooth faced Miscreant, let his Allowance be no more than one small Ounce of mouldy Bread, and half a Pint of standing Water for each Day's Support, till his now blooming Skin be withered, his Flesh wasted from his Bones, and he dwindle to a meer Skeleton."

This little Page the cruel *Barbarico* had stolen from his Parents at five Years old; his Mother had given him the Name of *Mignon*, by which Name the Giant always called him: Only when he said *Mignon*, he would add the Word *Dwarf*; for, to say the Truth, *Mignon* was one of the least Men that

ever

ever was seen, though at the same Time he was one of the prettiest.

Mignon well knowing the implacable and revengeful Disposition of this cruel Tyrant, sought every Opportunity of being alone with *Fidus*, and carrying him his daily Provisions at those Hours he knew the Giant was most likely to be asleep.

It so befel, that one Day the wicked Giant had been abroad without finding any on whom he could glut his hateful Inhumanity; when tired with fruitless Searches, he returned Home and threw himself on his Couch, to try if he could close his Eyes and quiet the tumultuous Passions of his Breast.

Mean while the gentle *Mignon* had prepared a delicate Repast, and having seen the Monster lay himself at length, and thinking now that a fit Opportunity offered to comfort and regale the distressed *Fidus*, was hastening with it to the Cell where he lay confined. At this fatal Moment the Giant rearing himself on his Couch, perceived the little *Mignon* just at the Entrance of the Cell: When calling

to

to him in a loud Voice, he so startled the little Page that he let the Cover fall, and stood fixed and motionless as a Statute.

The Giant rousing himself from the Couch, put forth his Arm, and seized him by the Waist, then pointing to the scattered Delicates, cried out, "Is this the mouldy Bread and muddy Water, with which alone it was my Commands thou shouldst sustain that puny Mortal? I'll not destroy thee, but thou shalt end thy Days in a dark Dungeon, and I will supply you both so equally with mouldy Bread and muddy Water, that each by his own Sufferings, shall daily know what his dear Friend endures." So saying he thrust him into one of his deepest Dungeons, doubly barred the Iron Door; and again retiring to his Couch, sunk into a sound Sleep.

When *Mignon* was thus alone he threw himself on the Ground, and on a sudden perceiving at a little Distance from him, a small glimmering Light. immediately he arose, went to it, and found

found it proceeded from a Door which led into a spacious Hall ; but not being able to open it by Reason of its Weight, he took an iron Bar which lay in one Corner of the Dungeon, and by thrusting it in between the Door and the Wall forced it



open, and casting his Eyes around him, perceived a Statute, on which was engraven in Letters of Gold, the following Verses :

Wouldst

*Wouldst thou from the Rage be free
Of the Tyrant's Tyranny,
Loose the Fillet which is bound
Thrice three Times my Brows around,
Bolts and Bars shall open fly
By a magic Sympathy ;
Take him in his sleeping Hour,
Bind his Neck and break his Pow'r.*

Mignon's little Heart now leapt for Joy, therefore he quickly unbound the magic Fillet : which was no sooner done, than the Doors flew open of their own Accord ; then he gently stole into the Giant's Chamber, where he found him in a profound Sleep ; when getting upon the Couch he with trembling Hands tied the Fillet round the Monster's Neck, and retired into a Corner of the Room to wait the Event.

In a few Minutes the Giant waked, seeing the little Page at Liberty and feeling the Effects of the Fillet, called to Mignon to unbind it ; who was now fully convinced the Fillet had taken Effect.

Mignon

Mignon in Raptures flew to the Cell where *Fidus* lay confined, and joyfully unloosed him; desiring him to unbar each Cell wherein was pent some Captive, that they might share a general Transport for their happy Deliverance.

Whilst *Fidus* was busied in releasing the astonished



Captives, little *Mignon* ran with all Speed to the good *Benefico*, whom he found with a Train of happy Friends, enjoying the Pleasures of the Evening;

Mignon

Mignon briefly told his Errand; and instantly *Benefico* with all his Train repaired to behold the Wonders he had related.

They were not long before they arrived at the Cave of the cruel *Barbarico*, who as soon as he saw them gave a dismal Groan, making several Efforts to rise, but to no Purpose; the good *Benefico* thinking he had lived too long already, reached down the Monster's Sword which hung over his Head, and at one Stroke put a Period to his Existence.

Benefico having dispatched this cruel Monster declared his Treasures belonged to the gentle *Mignon*; but he replied, *Benefico* has already shewn how well he knows the true Use and Power of Riches by employing them to the Benefit of others: Then all the Company cried out, "Let the good *Benefico* have the Tyrant's Treasures; let him ever be, as heretofore, our Governor, our Father, and our kind Protector."

The beneficent Heart of the good *Benefico* was quite melted with this their Confidence in him, and

and assured them, he should ever regard them as his Children. And now having removed the immense Riches of the cruel Tyrant, and shut up the Mouth of his abominable Dwelling, by casting on it a Heap of Rubbish, they moved forward to the Castle of the generous *Benefico*, where they were received by all the Villagers with Joy, but what was *Fidus's* when in the Midst of the Croud he beheld his dear *Amata*? Their delighted Eyes in the same Instant beheld each other; and breaking on each Side from their astonished Friends, they flew like Lightening into each others Arms.

After they had given a short Account of what had passed in their Separation, *Fidus* presented to his loved *Amata* the kind, the gentle *Mignon*, at the same Time praising his generous Friendship, in hazarding his Life, by disobeying the Injunctions of the cruel *Barbarico*. No sooner had *Amata* heard the Name of *Mignon*, but she cried, "Surely my Happiness is now complete, for in the kind Preserver of my *Fidus* I have found my Brother;

my

" my Mother lost her *Mignon* when he was Five Years old; and pining Grief after some Years vain Search, ended her wretched Life.

Benefico led all the delighted Company into his Castle, where Freedom was publicly proclaimed; and every one was left at Liberty either to remain there with *Benefico*, or loaded with Wealth sufficient for their Use, to go where their Attachments or Inclinations might invite them.

Fidus, *Amata*, and the little *Mignon*, hesitated not one Moment to declare their Choice of staying with the generous *Benefico*.

The Nuptials of the faithful *Fidus*, and his loved *Amata* were solemnized in the Presence of all their Friends.

Benefico passed the Remainder of his Days in pleasing Reflections on his well spent Life.

The Treasures of the dead Tyrant were turned into Blessings by the Use they were now made of: Little *Mignon* was loved and cherished by all his

Com-

Companions. Peace, Harmony, and Love reigned in every Bosom; Dissention, Hatred, and Discord were banished from this friendly Dwelling; and that Happiness, which is the natural Consequence of Goodness, appeared in every chearful Countenance throughout the Castle of *Benefico*; and as heretofore Affright and Terror spread itself from the Monster's hateful Cave, so now from this peaceful Castle were diffused Tranquility and Joy through all the happy Country round.

F I N I S

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